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FRIDAY EVENING, SEPT. 10, 1847.

ZACHARY TAYLOR,

OF LOUISIANA,
Subject to the decision of the Whig National Convention.

THE MAN FOR THE TIMES.

Silas Wright and Zachary Taylor.

"I wish you to believe me, when I tell you, that I write upon this subject (the Presidency) with less than personal enthusiasm. I never have been vain enough to rise to the high office, and I had desired it ever so strongly, I am not so blind as not to see that the present period presents no opportunity for a candidate such as I should be. I tell you the truth, however, when I say, elevated as I am, and justly considered, I do not wish the office. My acquaintance with it has long since satisfied me that no man should aspire to it who has not a stronger hold upon the feeling of the country than I have; and that if obtained, it will give to such a man neither pleasure nor honor. I am not a candidate for the office, and have no feeling about who shall be candidates, beyond my deep feeling for the country and its institutions."

The above extract is from a private letter addressed by Silas Wright to the editor of the Cincinnati Signal. It embodies sentiments worthy of all remembrance. It speaks the exact truth. We have omitted the concluding sentence in which the writer expresses his belief that the safety of this Union depends upon the ascendancy of the Democratic party. We have omitted it because we did not wish to mar the beauty of these noble and catholic sentiments by a single partisan thought.

We said on the occasion of Wright's death that he was never a Statesman. This passage justly quoted proves the correctness of our remark. It is an admission of the fact by Mr. Wright himself. He knew that he was a partisan and was conscious that the present was not the time for a partisan President. How remarkably this sentiment coincides with the views taken by the Hero of the battle fields of Mexico! The President for the present day must have a deep hold upon the feeling of the country. To have this hold, he must be a Statesman—a man born to command the State. Such Mr. Wright never was. Such a hundred of those who are spoken of for the Presidency, not, never can be, never will be. But there is one who has this hold upon the hearts of the nation, and that man is

ZACHARY TAYLOR.

It would seem as though Mr. Wright penned these lines with Gen. Taylor in his eye. The old Hero is so immeasurably above all whose names have been associated with the Presidency for the last twelve years, that no eye would look over the political field could fail to be conscious of his presence, and least of all would the eyes of Mr. Wright pass such an object by.

This extract is also a sure evidence of the estimate which Mr. Wright had of Mr. Polk. It is equivalent to saying, that Mr. P. is unfit for the discharge of the duties of the Presidency. We know that Mr. W. had no cause to have a very high opinion of the President. On the contrary every act of Mr. Polk, from the beginning of his reign, went to lessen Mr. Wright's confidence in him as the only means of directing the energies of this vast confederacy. Mr. Wright saw and felt in the latter years of his brilliant life, that a President must be more than a partisan, and hence the wisdom breathing in every word of this paragraph. We always lamented Mr. Wright's blind attachment to partisanship while he was in public life. He never repented sufficiently upon the affections of the people. He wanted faith in the people. He had too much faith in party. And when the storm came, his house fell with a great noise. We venture to say that within the last year or two, he realized that this over confidence in party, was the great error of his career.

We repeat, the sentiments in this extract are worthy of all remembrance. No man should seek the Presidential chair, who has not the confidence of his political opponents that he is an honest man, a just man. No other man can ever execute the office with justice to his country and to his own fame and peace of mind. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Van Buren were similarly situated. Mark the terrible conflict of public opinion upon all their acts. With Jackson it was different. However, his acts met with resistance, nobody doubted his honesty of purpose, his sincerity, his integrity, his love of justice. So of all the Presidents preceding him. They were all esteemed by their opponents as honest and sincere men, though mistaken in their political views.

This is no period for such a candidate as I should be, says Mr. Wright. What!—not for such a man as Mr. Wright? Then it is not a period for such a candidate as any one of the politicians who have been spoken of for the Presidency. They are all partisans. They are all great men in their way, but they do not possess the confidence of their opponents for integrity of character, honesty of design, purity of motive. The whole people do not love them as men. The President of the United States ought to be loved, admired, respected by every body as a man. And there is no man now living who enjoys this favor so one, and he is ZACHARY TAYLOR. He has no enemies as a man. He has none as a politician, because he is not a politician. He is the man for the times, and Mr. Wright, in the above remarkable passage, clearly points to the Old Hero as the man for the times.

The citizens of Mobile—700 of them—recently wrote to Mr. Bache, the superintendent of the coast survey and asked him to make an early hydrographic survey of the harbor and bay of Mobile. He replied that he would do so this autumn. The belief of the Mobiles is, that their bay has water enough for the British coast steamers to float in, and they want to know the fact.

The Oxford Concerts. Forty one ministers and sixteen laymen of the Church of England, all members of Oxford University, have gone over to the Church of Rome within the last nine years. The livings deserted by the ministers were not very rich.

Gov. Owsley of Kentucky has had reported to him already five out of the 20 companies called for from that State.

THE BATTLES OF PENON ANGEL.

The details of the news by the steamer Fashion, at New Orleans on the 2d inst., are very unsatisfactory. We are without any letters from Mr. Kendall, and have to rely on Mexican authority for what has come to us.

It seems that a despatch of the 25th ultimo, by way of Orizaba, communicated the news of General Scott's movements to the Mexican papers in Vera Cruz. That despatch stated, that Scott was unopposed in his march until he reached the Penon—an extinct crater of a volcanic hill—nine miles from the capital; that the Penon was fortified; that one division of our army attacked the enemy, while another division turned the hill and appeared in the rear of the Mexicans; that they then moved to San Angel, six or eight miles southwest of the capital, where a severe battle was fought, which resulted in the rout of Gen. Valencia's division, and the retreat of Santa Anna's column into the city; that the greatest consternation seized upon the inhabitants; that a flag of truce was immediately despatched to General Scott, with a request that hostilities should cease so as to give time to consider Mr. Trist's peace propositions; that Gen. Scott granted the truce asked; that Congress was forthwith convoked; that General Worth had occupied the rear of the city, having in his power to cut off all supplies from that quarter; that the battle of Angel took place on the 20th August. Such are all the points communicated by this despatch, which winds up by saying, that—"Peace will positively be made."

There is no account of the killed and wounded on either side.

The next mail will no doubt bring us the Piconay correspondence, which we shall promptly lay before our readers.

Major Lally, it seems, reached Jalapa on the 20th of August, after much hard fighting and considerable loss. It is feared that Besançon's company have all been put to the sword. Lally was met at Jalapa with a strong division from Perote.

Our Vera Cruz Government forbids the landing of passengers from abroad, until they are examined by a boarding officer. Already several suspicious persons have been prevented from getting into the country.

The guerrillas had murdered several of the American guard at Alvarado. They were very troublesome, wherever the Americans appeared.

It is with no ordinary gratification that we had the pleasure of laying before the people of Washington and Georgetown last evening sixteen hours in advance of all other journals, the exciting intelligence of the fall of Mexico after two severely fought battles in which our arms have been again victorious.

Our boundary between the United States and Mexico has been settled, fixed beyond a doubt. Col. Davenport, commanding the garrison at Matamoros, has done it, and done it effectually, too. In order to get at the good and merchandise entering the mouth of the Rio Grande, he has decided that the East bank of the river is the boundary between Texas and Mexico! Hear him. "It becomes my duty to determine the boundary between Texas and Mexico. This, I understand, to be the left bank of the river, and consequently all goods brought into the river are in Mexico and subject to Mexican duty. (under Mr. Polk's tariff)!" The whole civil administration are breakers of the constitution and the laws, are habitual usurpers of powers that do not belong to them, and it is no wonder that the military and the navy should follow the example.

We find it impossible to decide between them, because the devil of the President through his organ is explicit; nor yet will we give judgment against Mr. McCulla, since the "Courier des Etats Unis" speaks of him as a gentleman whose veracity is above suspicion; and when, moreover, we know that just after the departure of the brave and gallant Kearney, the rumor here was current, that the two Catholic chaplains who were to accompany his expedition did not so, because they were not only Catholics but IN-TRIGUERS. Hence their refusal.—St. Louis News Letter, (Catholic.)

In the first place, it will enable us to fulfil all the objects for which the war was declared. The invasion having been already repelled, it will establish as our boundary the Rio del Norte, (Rio Grande) from its mouth to its source; and it gives us ample means of indemnity, even if the cost of the war be regarded as one of its objects—which, with my present impression, I am very far from countenancing.—Mr. Calhoun's speech, last session.

Mr. Polk has called upon the "bloody Mexican Whigs" of Tennessee for two more regiments. They fly to the scene of action, because they love their country, and know that Mr. Polk is not the country, even if he is the government!

The Union may censure Gen. Campbell to the top of its bent for letting Paredes go to Vera Cruz without sending a messenger with him. Mr. Polk will not remove the derelict cannon. Never!

The new constitution of Illinois has a provision for the raising of a two million tax, as a sinking fund to pay off the State Debt. The people have to vote upon this provision separately. What will they do?

The Pittsburgh papers assure us that the girl who burned her step-mother to death is a idiot. They record two fires and one attempted suicide.

All the Railroads in this country that charged 2 cents per mile for transportation of passengers last year received more than double the amounts for fare which those roads, that charged four cents per mile, did.

The Eufaula, Ala., Shield, a Democratic paper, is opposed to acquiring any territory from Mexico under any circumstances.

A poor fellow, named Boston, got his hand caught on Wednesday in the rollers at the bakery of Mr. Brown in Georgetown, and was seriously hurt.

Col. McClung, at last dates, had carried the citadel of Democracy in his district. Mississippi will certainly send two Whig members to the next House of Representatives.

New Orleans mails failed last evening.

THE ILLINOIS NOMINATION OF OLD ROUGH AND READY.

While the resolution published yesterday nominating General Taylor, was before the meeting, A. R. Knapp supported the same, in brief, spirited and eloquent speech. He portrayed the qualities, both of head and heart, of "Old Rough and Ready," in the most happy style.

After Mr. K. concluded—by request, Col. E. D. Baker addressed the meeting, in one of those soul-stirring speeches for which he is so remarkable. He proceeded in a plain, sensible, narrative style, to hold up, in bold relief, the strong points of character of Gen. Taylor, and gave reason heaped upon reason why the people, irrespective of party, should support him for President. The speaker happily contrasted the capabilities and glorious deeds of Taylor with other Generals, and showed him up, not only a great military captain, but a great and good man—not only capable of fighting great battles, but fitted to wear the Civic wreath. He was for Taylor, because great occasions call for great men to guide the helm of State, when mere party considerations should be lost sight of—should be merged in the patriotic determination to stand by, and support the great interests of the country. We want, said he, a man for President who will calm the violence of party, and advance the public good—the peace, prosperity and happiness of the people of this great nation. If General Taylor was entirely opposed to him, he would prefer him to any good sort of a second rate man, with whom he entirely concurred. If, said he, we elect Taylor, we elect a man whose most prominent fault is his willful, perverse, persevering obstinacy in doing right, and in promoting justice. He concluded in a dazzling and brilliant flash of genuine, soul stirring, and heart probing oratory, which it defied the pen of the readiest writer to portray.

Then came Mr. Davis, of Montgomery—"the old settler." He took the floor, and such a speech as he made did honor to his head and his heart. It was such a speech as would tell on the minds of the "old settlers" of this country—a speech which must reach their hearts and their judgments too. Such an effort from such a man is always resound, when made to a sensible and patriotic people.

Mr. Knowlton followed Mr. Davis, and in his peculiarly happy manner, enchaind the attention of the meeting, and went for Taylor, for the reasons urged by the gentlemen who had preceded him. He wanted no man for President, at this trying juncture of our national affairs, who would sink the office of President in the mire and sycophancy of party. He had been hesitating, but his decision was now taken—he had no fears, but could safely trust Taylor in the Presidential Chair. Such a man, on such an occasion, was needed in the Executive place, and he would be placed there, said Mr. K.; the masses are for him, and he will be for the masses.

Then came Judge Stephen T. Logan, a native son of Kentucky, and an adopted son of Illinois, in whom a large portion of the people take great pride. Nobly did he sustain the claims of Taylor to the Presidency, and declared him to be his first choice. He also paid a handsome tribute to Mr. Clay; but he did not hesitate to say that the time when he should be, or aspire to be, President, had passed away. Gen. Taylor, he thought, would harmonize the feelings of all the freemen of this great nation. His effort was truly a sensible one; just such as might be expected to emanate from such a man. It was the speech of a statesman and a patriot. In his opinion, Taylor was a great and good man; and although he might hold sentiments in some respects different from the pre-conceived notions of the speaker, he was willing to go for him, because the nation needed such a man in the chair of State, at such a crisis of our foreign relations. Always at his post in his present calling—as a military man, ever at the call, and ready to serve his country, as in duty bound—when you call him (Taylor) to the Chief Magistracy of the nation, he will always do his duty, by serving the people—the whole people.

The contractors for the wires between Louisville and Nashville assert that Mr. C. B. Moss filed a caveat for his invention of a telegraphic writing machine in May, 1847, that they mean to use it and House's Patent and Pease's Patent on their line without consulting Mr. Kendall or any body else. As to Mr. Kendall's universal claim, they laugh at it.

The New York Courier and Enquirer opposes the idea, broached by some few of the Whig presses, that no more territory should be made the watchword of the Whig party. Nine tenths of the Whigs of the United States are with the Courier and Enquirer on this question.

Dr. Dawson, of Talbot county, lost his little son, 5 years of age, last Saturday, by his falling into a large pot of boiling soap.

It has been recently decided in the Queen's Bench that attorneys are not competent witnesses for their clients. Judge Daily, of New York, sustained this decision in a case before him last week.

Mrs. Trey, near Cumberland, is in jail for the murder of her husband, whom she killed while he was asleep by pouring hot lead in his ear. She must have been reading Hamlet, surely! This is the second husband whom she has murdered.

There was a rumor at Vera Cruz when the Fashion left that Santa Ana and Valencia had been made prisoners by General Scott. We hope this is true and that the General will forthwith send Mr. Polk's illustrious friend to Washington.

The accomplished editor of the Louisville Journal, Mr. George D. Prentice, arrived in town, last evening, and has taken lodgings at Coleman's.

The Democrats of Albemarle couldn't elect Shelton F. Leske to Congress, and so they recently barbarized him!

The Boston Post proposes the election of Isaac E. Holmes of S. Carolina as Speaker of the House.

A woman recently died from swallowing 264 of Morrison's pills. Two hundred and sixty-three of Bradstreet's would have sufficed to produce the same result!

FAGGING AND FLOGGING IN THE BRITISH SCHOOLS.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

To the Editor of the Times:

Many public abuses have been removed through your powerful interference; let me, therefore, call your attention to the evils existing at Winchester College.

"I am indeed most especially to do so at this time, because another boy is now lying dead, or dying of typhus fever, within the walls of that establishment, produced, as is stated by the medical men, from over exertion of mind and body."

"The boys here, unlike those of any other of our public schools, are not only subject to the rigid discipline of the masters for six months together, without intermission, but the most cruel tyranny is allowed to be exercised by the elder over the younger students."

"The juniors, as they are called, are obliged to perform the most menial offices for the seniors—are made to lag for them far beyond their strength, and are frequently by them most cruelly beaten."

"The child to whom I have alluded above was compelled to lag out at cricket for some of these petty tyrants for six hours successively in a scorching sun, and without a hat; and this, no doubt, has been the exciting cause of his present suffering."

"Indeed, a system of torture is carried on, such as would not be allowed in a union workhouse or a gaol, and this, too, with the knowledge of the authorities of the place, who have been frequently warned of the consequences of their system; but they seem determined to persevere."

"If men are fit to be trusted with power; much less boys of 18 years of age."

"I trust some public inquiry will now take place, and that parents will not be deprived of the advantages arising from the rich endowment."

"Your obedient servant,"

"July 27."

HUMANITAS."

FLOGGING AT STONYHURST COLLEGE.

To the Editor of the Times:

"Six: Being one of the six youths alluded to in the paragraph which appeared in the British Chronicle, and which has been copied in the Times of the 28th of July, I beg leave to say that the whole statement is correct—Allow me to give you a faithful account of the treatment I have met with in this College of the Jesuits. I was called out of the playground by Mr. Clifford, a sub prefect, and told to go to the room of Mr. Speakman, the head prefect. On entering his room I found the window-blinds down, and he immediately locked the door. He then desired me to strip, to receive a discipline. I asked him, for what? He answered, for cursing. I requested to know who had heard me curse? His reply was: 'Never mind, you know that you are guilty. I acknowledged that I had, on two or three occasions, when provoked, said, 'Damn it,' also made a blind man's hand, and was again defied any one to prove that I had made any of my other terms. 'You have,' said he, 'expressed yourself as hostile to the Jesuits.' I again asked him who had heard me use any offensive expressions against them; for I was not conscious of having said anything that could be construed into offence; but I received no answer. 'Never mind,' he said, and was again ordered to strip, and kneel down against a chair placed in the middle of the room, while he adjusted the sleeves of his cassock, in order to use the cat more freely. If a boy were flogged, he is ordered to remove it, that the force of the cat may not be weakened; he is also made to bind his hands round his waist, which was the case with me. The number of stripes I received was upwards of thirty."

"What I have stated can be corroborated by my five school fellows who suffered on the same day, and for no greater offence than the one I have stated. We shall all remember Stonyhurst College and the Jesuits."

"I enclose, very respectfully and address, for your private information."

"A VICTIM."

The above letters, extracted from the London Times, have given cause (says the Philadelphia North American) to some public excitement, as may be supposed, in England; and we think them worthy of republication, as illustrating a state of things existing in the English seminaries, scarcely conceivable in the United States, which will make American schoolboys open their eyes—or, perhaps, contract them with frowns—and their parents shudder. That the children of free born Britons should be subjected to the degrading slavery of the flogging system and the tyranny and brutality of the lash, in their public schools, and that too with the knowledge and consent of their parents, seems incredible. And the woe is increased, when we remember that the treatment is not confined to little boys incapable of resistance, and scarcely aware of the wrong—but to young men, possessing the feelings and the muscles of manhood.

The London Sun tells us that the six "young gentlemen" who had been subjected to "the brutalizing and degrading punishment of the cat," were "not of very juvenile years, but that they were actually verging on manhood, and had long passed that period of existence when personal chastisement of any description is usually administered."

Conceive of six American schoolboys "verging on manhood" submitting patiently to the discipline—involving actual corporal punishment—and revenging themselves by writing letters of complaint to the newspapers! We are very much afraid that the accounts would be given in a very different way—describing results, too, of a very different character.

Making every allowance for the embellishment and exaggeration with which statements of schoolhouse severities are usually given, it is very clear that the system of punishments tolerated in the English seminaries, is one which common sense and common humanity require should be entirely put an end to. Flogging has been now almost abolished in American schools; and our children are none the worse, nor the more ignorant, for being treated like human beings. The rod is unsafe in the hands of any but the wisest, the calmest, and the most conscientious of teachers. We are all creatures of passion; and passion is both malicious and tyrannical. When a teacher whips his pupil, or even a father his son, the danger is, lest under the pretext of a duty which deserves the mind and hardens the conscience, he is only indulging his own cruel passions at the expense of a helpless child, incapable of defence or resistance. There is even the appearance of cowardice in such unmanly oppression. The bravest teachers are always the mildest.

A journalist complained that he had received a communication accompanied by one cent with a request, that after deducting from it the cost of printing the article, he should send as many copies of the paper as the balance would pay for. This is nothing. We get long articles every day, and are abused if we do not insert them gratis and let the writers have as many copies of the National Whig as they want—for nothing!

A Sardinian sloop of war of 8 guns arrived at New York on the 7th inst.

Fences a Direct Tax to the Farmer.

In looking over the early volumes of the Agriculturist, I find that, in the commencement of your editorial labors, you called the attention of your readers to the very important subject of the non-fencing system. In running over the several articles on that subject, I was pleased to see that your own opinion coincided with one that I have long cherished in that matter of rural economy, and which is rooting itself more firmly in my mind with every reflection given to the subject, as well as every point of observation which I am able to gain in giving the matter more perfect investigation. But why was it that the matter dropped where it did? Had you no encouragement to pursue the pleadings of your pen with our brother farmers further upon this question of enormous expenditure, and often vexatious care to them? There must, indeed, be a horrid lethargy pervading the mind of the body agricultural, while they go calmly, and indifferently, and druggingly on, and voluntarily submit to an evil for whose existence there is no pretext or excuse. Farmers look at this matter and see if you cannot effect a reform.

In the first place, I would call your attention to a small agricultural town only four miles square, in Massachusetts, where, by the ordaining of the powers that be and that have been, there are 67 y miles of roads, which, if they were all fenced, they are not, and probably never will all be fenced, for in some sections of the town unenclosed lands are as secure as those shut up; there must be one hundred miles of fence built and supported from year to year to preserve the crops growing adjacent.

A great tax, truly to be levied upon a little town, whose population in men, women, children, does not much, if any, exceed one thousand souls. Any school boy ought to be able to calculate the cost of building and keeping in repair this fence, as the same article costs in his own neighborhood, say fifty cents a rod for building, which, taking the country through, would probably be a'thought too low. Therefore, there is a direct tax laid upon the landholders of this small town of \$16,000, or more than \$150 a head to each inhabitant, old and young, male and female, cripple and infirm. Now, what would not that community say and do, if Government should impose on them such an assessment to carry out any purpose no matter how useful? They would, unless as fast asleep as they are upon this subject, cry out oppression, and raise the voice and the arm of rebellion against such a misguided policy.

But this is not the end. The \$16,000 is laid up in stone, or rails, or set in posts and nailed on in boards by the way side, and if this were the conclusion of the matter, you might call the above sum and the annual interest upon it, (which is another pretty tax), a sinking, or sunk fund, and let it go. There is, however, a perpetual entailment for repairs, which will be using its claims for more or less every year, in order to give a finish to the torment that such a state of things brings with it.

Then again, especially at the north, where storms are the almost constant attendant of long winters, they convert the highways, which should always be free and clear for the use of the traveller into regular reservoirs, where every whirling eddy of the wind deposits the driving snows. How often have we in New England seen our highways filled more than level from fence to fence by the contributions of the recent storm. And how often has the exhausted beast beyond its strength through these accumulated drifts, or else take a circuit through the adjoining field, to seek a shelter, perhaps far short of the point that would have been gained, had not nature, aided by a foolish and unnecessary device of man's art, thrown obstacles in his way to greatly hinder his progress. Then, too, how many days of precious time are spent in many neighborhoods in breaking out the roads, which the storm of yesterday rendered impassable, and which the winds of to-morrow, as they whistle in mockery of human toil, may fill again, so as to render every vestige of former labor illegible and unavailing. Here, then, we have another tax upon the farmer, as well as vexatious obstacles of frequent recurrence thrown in the way of the traveller, by these expensive, unnecessary, and very often ill-looking appendages of highways—the fences. Oh! when will the agricultural public be sufficiently awake to their interest, comfort, and those of the travelling public, to remove these appendages from their premises and rid themselves of a grievous burden.

W. BACON.
Richmond, Mass., June 30, 1847.

This evening's southern mail also brings to the War Department a short letter from Col. Wilson, commanding officer at Vera Cruz, of the 29th August, enclosing four manuscript letters, in the Spanish language, which had been found in the trunk of Gen. Paredes. They may possibly shed some light upon the designs and movements of the Mexican exile.

[Mexican letter.]
There is no need to be breaking open Paredes' private letters to know why he returned to Mexico. The archives of the State Department can reveal the whole story.

We have more violation of law and right in the conduct of Mr. Chase, the collector of, and United States Consul at Tampico. The two officers are incompatible. And yet he is still pursuing his occupation at the plastering business, which I do not think of work in my line at the shortest notice—such as plain plastering, ornamental imitation of the various stone and cementing, cisterns, hearths, &c. My residence is on Capitol Hill, east of Col. W. Brent's. All orders can be left there at Mr. Bailey's store, corner of 6th and H streets, west.

JAS. B. PHILLIPS.
Sept. 8th (Sat. Eve. News.)

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

A GOOD BLACKSMITH to whom good wages will be given.
Enquire of William Hill on D between 9th & 10th streets, South side.
Sept. 8—3t

NEW FLOUR, HAMS, &c.

JUST RECEIVED—
100 barrels new "Extra" Flour
50 do superior new Family Flour
200 prime Hams
5000 lbs shoulder Bacon
1000 lbs middling do
50 bush new Timothy Seed
100 the Green Ginger
100 the white and dark Mustard Seed
25 boxes Pure French Raisins
1000 gallons pure Old Vinegar
1000 lbs New Codfish
50 boxes Scotch Herring.
For sale by GEO. & TROB. PARKER,
Sept. 8th Centre Market Space.

Mr. Haley, the contractor for building of the Telegraphic line from New Orleans to Petersburg—1300 miles—says it will be ready in a few weeks for the operators, and gives Mr. Vail a sound berating for presuming to say to the contrary. Mr. Vail seems to be growing unpopular of late with every body. It is his own fault.

Mr. Polk intends to call upon Ohio for a Regiment of Mounted Gunmen—so say the papers.

Pittsburgh, Sept. 9.
Weather dry and the river low. Markets dull. No buyers of flour at yesterday's rates. Provisions unchanged.

Philadelphia, Sept. 9.
Stocks on the decline. No buyers of flour at \$5.50. Light receipts of Wheat. Price of wheat 105 to 120c. Corn nominal at 68 to 70c. Oats 35c. Rye 8c. Whiskey 25c to 27c. Provisions quiet.

Baltimore, Sept. 9.
Better feeling in flour today. Sales at \$5.25. No change in other things from yesterday.

CITY AFFAIRS.

PORT OF WASHINGTON.

SEPT. 10.—Arrivals up to 1 o'clock P. M. James Hutchinson, Robert Peabody master, wood to Samuel Bevington, river.

Mary Wheeler, Alexander Wheeler master, wood to Captain Corson, river.

CANAL TRADE.

SEPT. 10.—Arrivals up to 1 o'clock P. M. Canal boat, Flying Maria, wood for several citizens.

Oregon, wood for J. Toles.

True Whig, wood for J. Hill.

Democrat, wood for G. H. Coehrell.

Elizabeth, wood for J. Hill.

Liberty, wood for J. Hill.

Dover, wood for J. B. Boone.

Barth, wood for W. Warden.

Liberty, wood for J. Wilson.

Rambler, wood for B. F. Rittenhouse.

PEARSON'S COAL YARD.—Now is the time to lay in fuel for the winter cold. The ants and the bees are busy—let not man be behind them. Read Pearson's advertisement. See, he has the best Egg Anthracite just coming in fresh from the deep mines. After all said and done, the Anthracite is the coal for a cold day. Give Pearson a call.

No arrests at Watch House.

SAD ACCIDENT.—On Monday last, while a little girl, the daughter of Mr. Biner, (a gunsmith in the 1st ward,) was playing in the kitchen, a boy, formerly in Mr. B's employ, aimed a gun at her in sport—placed a cap upon the nipple and pulled the trigger: the load which was in the gun, took effect upon her leg. The wound is very dangerous, but we are happy to learn that there is hope for her recovery. The boy who shot the gun was entirely unaware that it was loaded, and is much distressed about the accident.

ANOTHER.—On the afternoon of Monday as Mr. J. L. Naylor was riding in a buggy near Good Hope Tavern, his horse ran off at full speed, and in Mr. N.'s attempt to jump out, his leg was caught in the wheel and broken just above the ankle. He was placed in the care of Dr. Young and is doing well.

ARRIVALS AT THE HOTELS UP TO 2 P. M.

Coleman's.

E. M. Reid, and lady, Md.

Mrs. A. Miller, Pa.

T. Miller, do

W. Byrly, do

S. McCulloch, La.

E. B. Ward, Va.

H. Hobbs, Miss